Story No. 13 IN THE SERVICE OF THE STATE

Two American girls, Mona Hartley and Mary Burnett, set about punishing the "Wolves of Society" through their check books. This is the story of their thirteenth adventure.

LRY," said Mona Hartley, in a low tone, to her chum, Mary Burnett, n't look over at once. But there is a man across the street who has been following us for ten minutes. I've seen him before, but I can't place him."

Mary laughed. She leaned close to Mona. "I'll look in a minshe said. And then: "I know him! His name is Jones-he's a United as secret service man."

"Well," said Mona, flatly. "Mary-what has a secret service man to

"That's the secret of it, I suppose!" said Mary. "At any rate, we're likely to find out. You know, Mona-there are people who would say that our way of getting along was very far from being what it should be." "You're right, of course," said Mona. "I'm nervous, I think-that's all."

"Well-get over it! He's coming over, and he's going to speak to us. I'm sure! Don't act as if you thought there was anything odd"---The next moment indeed, Jones was beside them, hat in hand, beaming,

"Miss Hartley, Mess Purnett!" said Jones. "You don't know how glad I am to see you! I was not certain-it is some time since I have seen anything of you"-

"We must be getting old, Mona!" said Mary, with a laugh. "If it takes as effort to recognize us"----

"You're unkind," said Jones, rebelieve, you, and you only, can help plans ms. I wonder if you would come in here with me—and have some tea, perhaps, while we talk?"

And so a few moments leave the plans."

"Let's do it," said Mary, "We'd be doing something for our country. Mona! Wouldn't that be worth while?"

"You're unkind," said Jones, represented in the proachfully. Then, all at once his from there on a liner that makes a call at Rotterdam. I am certain of this—and that the plans will be with nim. No—I want you to sail on the same steamer, as I shall do myself. I want you to help me to recover those



"Oh. I'll do that," said Mona.

Mona lost no time in attempting to arouse the interest of the mysterious Mr. X. It seemed to be well this incident, she was obliged to admerstood on board that Armstrong mit to herself, after a few more days, and a chance to dance, perhaps. All was not his real name: that he was

As Mona went back she unfastened her necklace and held it in her hand. Her brief absence had not been noticed; she found a partner waiting eagerly for her and was swept into the maze of dancers at once. As she passed Mary, dancing with the purser, she nodded slightly, and a moment later Mary, as if by accident, brushed against her. In the momentary contact Mona slipped her necklace into Mary's corsage. And five minutes later, as she passed a mirror, she screamed suddenly.

prettiest gowns-we're to be very

stunning:"

"Well?" said Jones.

"Listen!" said Mary. And she unfolded her plan. They listened in the growing excitement, but it was not long before Mona ciapped her hands softly.

"Oh, that's splendld, Mary!" she laughed.

"Well—will it work?" Mary asked Jones, when she had finished.

"I believe it will!" he said, drawing a long breath. "My hat is off to you —I believe you've hit upon the way out of our difficulties! Win or lose—you've given us the gambler's chance, that's all we have a right to expect! And, if we win—oh, it's worth trying, a thousand times!"

"You see the risk, don't you?" said Mary. "There's no use letting ourselves think that it will be easy. We've got to work together—and yet not let a soul on board suspect that we're doing anything of the sort."

"Oh, of course." said Mona. "How lucky that we arranged it—and yet, if we had not, there would have been no chance even to try this plan of yours, Mary."

"Two both understand?? You won't be at the dinner, Mr. Jones?"

"The dead their outcries to Mona's.

"Laten!" said the cap-tain. He had stopped the music, he spoke quietly but sternly. "Rest aspoke at hat it is impossible for you to logs your property on this ship. The spour polesent of culmin. He had stopped the music, backel spour polesent to Mona's.

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